

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

Morning—Evening—Sunday.

JOHN HENRY ZUVER, Editor.
GABRIEL R. SUMMERS, Publisher.

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APRIL 17, 1916.

OPPORTUNITY! HERE'S TELLING YOU HOW TO MAKE A MILLION.

If anybody wants to make a million dollars, there are plenty of ways to do it. Here are a few suggestions submitted at an ad men's banquet by the director of an eastern advertising agency:

The first and most obvious "punch" is to invent a new automobile fuel cheaper than gasoline. There might even be a billion in that.

The second is to invent a puncture-proof and anti-skid tire. And although the speaker failed to mention it, there are certainly millions waiting for the man who will invent a substitute for rubber.

If none of these suggestions appeals to the would-be millionaire, he might try making a non-leakable fountain pen.

Or else a shoe that fastens with a couple of snaps instead of laces or buttons.

Or else a quickly adjustable corset that doesn't need lacing.

Or a moth-proof wardrobe for summer homes.

Or an automatic rug-beater, or a window screen that rolls up like a window shade, or a non-buttoning and non-choking men's collar, or a receptacle containing iodine, the best of antiseptics, with means of applying it quickly and removing the stains quickly.

Take your choice—they're all simple and apparently sound propositions.

EDITOR O'BANNON'S CANDIDACY FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR.

The latest and most authoritative announcement of candidates for the democratic nomination for lieutenant governor is Lew M. O'Bannon, editor of the Corydon Democrat. Mr. O'Bannon is a member of the Indiana Centennial commission, a thorough democrat, not an office-seeker by reputation or practice, and should the mantle of governor chance to fall upon his head, as is always possible, the state would need suffer no fear nor disgrace.

Mr. O'Bannon is virtually put into the race by the democratic editors of the state, who feel, taking some of the older ones in particular, that they have worked for others long enough to justify working for one of their number, once in a while, and that they are entitled to a hearing. He was formerly president of the democratic editors' state association.

It is important, too, as before suggested, that the lieutenant governor should be a man practically as capable of being governor as is the governor himself. This is an importance that is overlooked both in the candidacies of lieutenant governor, the country over, and generally in that of vice president. Both the nation and the state of Indiana, have at times been subject to pitiable conditions, had the president or a governor passed away. Indiana can escape possible subjection to that predicament this year, at least in so far as the democratic ticket is concerned, by picking Mr. O'Bannon, or some man like him, for the second place on the ticket.

Mr. O'Bannon is not from our section of the state to be sure, but this is not a sectional question. Perhaps, too, there are other candidates just as competent, but that does not lessen his competency, and hence this good word.

MIGHTY FINE IDEA, BUT AFTER ALL, WHO PAYS IT?

Samuel McEl, Lindsay, professor of social legislation at Columbia university, maintains that:

"The large holdings of property represent the greatest need for preparedness. They have the most at stake and they should bear the cost."

Perfectly sound reasoning! A program based on justice and common sense! Most all animals, including the lower orders of mankind, would head social legislation in exactly this direction. The parties to whom the preparedness was worth the most and who were best able to pay for it would pay. The barbarian would say to his fellow barbarian, "You haven't anything save a breech cloth to protect and so you should pay for protection only in proportion to what your breech cloth is worth."

Mr. Vincent Astor has some \$55,000,000, largely in New York realty. Mr. Rockefeller has a billion in oil, steel, railroad, mine and other properties. Mr. Carnegie has several hundreds of millions in golden securities, and Mr. Morgan has as much or more in railroads, mines, banks and other financial institutions. The number of those whose incomes exceed \$100,000 is really large. None of these holders of property will fight for its protection, yet protection is worth the most to them.

Our present income tax is a graduation. We begin with a percentage which we think will not crush the small holder, or income receiver, and graduate up to what we think the large holder will stand, utterly regardless of what government, or government works, like preparedness, are actually worth to either.

Moreover, to a very large percentage of our income taxpayers the tax is dead expense; they are without power to recoup for this special outlay. With the Morgans, Astors and Rockefellers it is different; they can arbitrarily meet their additional outlay by raising interest rates, rents, and prices on domestic necessities. Eventually, indirectly, the small property holder not only pays his own tax but the tax of the large holder.

It was began to ether end to, putting on the large holder a percentage fully representing the actual value of preparedness to him, we would but work around to the same eventually—the small holder paying the tax, in one way or another—wouldn't we?

What's the answer, Mr. Professor?

OUR MONETARY SOUNDNESS AND THE PAN-AMERICAN DOLLAR.

At the Pan-American conference, in Buenos Aires, the question has been considered of adopting a new unit of coinage for use in all the American republics. It would be called the Pan-American dollar.

There is much to be said for such a plan. It would facilitate business exchanges between the United States and Latin-American countries. It would be a new symbol of American unity and co-operation. Perhaps the use of identical coinage would really do more to weld together the nations of the new world than any other factor, either material or sentimental, for it would be a perpetual reminder to every citizen of every country that All-American unity was an accomplished fact.

At the same time, there are difficulties in the way. The United States cannot afford to sacrifice the integrity of its own coinage, even for such a desirable purpose. Our currency, in fact our whole financial system, is today the soundest in the world. Our gold standard insures that any bank note or coin bearing the stamp of the United States government shall be worth always 100 cents on the dollar in gold. Most of the Latin republics have a silver standard, and the value of their peso fluctuates with the market price of silver bullion.

We shall never give up the dollar for the peso. If there is to be a Pan-American coin, minted by all the Americas, that coin should be our own dollar. And its value could not be guaranteed unless our own gold standard were accepted by all.

The adopting of the gold standard, then, by our sister republics would be the first step. And with that accomplished, it might not be necessary to establish an identical system of coinage, such as already exists between the United States and Canada. The same purpose might be attained by merely minting gold coins in all the Latin countries of the same value as our own. Thus they might have gold pesos, inscribed in their own language, intended for circulation primarily at home, but exactly equal in value to the United States gold dollar, and therefore receivable everywhere as a common medium of exchange.

There is ample precedent for such an arrangement. For many years France, Switzerland, Italy, Greece and Spain have had an interchangeable currency, brought about by making the French franc the basis, so that normally the gold coins of all these countries circulate freely across the international boundaries.

HIGHER EDUCATION ALONE DOES NOT BRING SUCCESS.

A homeless and hungry man who applied to the Hackensack police station for relief said that he could speak 10 languages and complained that a college education had not done him much good.

An education such as this gives a man the advantage of being able to ask for a meal at almost any household in this broad land; but is this real education?

It is the rule rather than the exception that the high-grade college men are outstripped by the self-schooled Lincoln. Some eminently successful business men have declared that their experience has taught them to beware of applicants from the classical colleges and even from the high schools of today.

Higher learning and cultivation of the esthetic are good. They are essential to the happiness and usefulness of the individual, as they are to the progress and development of the race.

But these must be the superstructure, not the foundation.

The first things that make the nation are not the learned scholar, the famous artist, the magic musician, but the practical farmer, the skilled artisan, the successful merchant.

The nation's true greatness is not in its libraries, its hall of art, its temples of music, but in its productive farms, its busy factories and its marts of trade.

Our sweetest national song is the rhythmic hum of industry. Our highest glory is in the happy homes of a prosperous people.

One may speak 10 languages, and only beg for food. Another may speak but one, and that imperfectly, and yet give to the world a wondrous message.

TO OUTNAVY THE NAVY OF ENGLAND A FOOLISH AMBITION.

Oh, yes, we ought to take the advice of the experts—usually about as much faddists as experts—and whose financial sense, too frequently, is about equal to that of a 10-year-old boy; ditto, their concepts of consequences. This is meant especially for those who are so receptive to expert advice in the matter of preparedness. For instance:

Admiral Winslow told a congressional committee the other day that unless very radical changes were made in our naval system, it would take us 50 years to develop a sea force comparable in fighting ability to the present British navy.

That is an interesting thing to know, but it's hard to see what useful bearing it has on our present naval problems. Beyond the intimation it conveys that our system of naval government and operation is inefficient—already accepted by most citizens—there is the implied assumption that we ought to have a navy equal or superior to Great Britain's. And any such doctrine as that must be set down as mischievous and perilous. It is natural enough for any specialist trained for sea fighting to want a naval armament strong enough to "lick the world." But professional fighters do not consider money cost or diplomatic needs or established national policies. The nation itself has to consider all these things.

While it seems desirable to have the second largest navy in the world, it is ridiculous to go so far as to aim at the largest. A policy contemplating a bigger navy than England's would belie our pacific professions and make the whole world suspect and fear us. It would drive all the powers to new and crushing expenditures. It would mean a frenzied building competition between the United States and Great Britain that would probably end either in mutual bankruptcy or in war when the strain became intolerable.

The absurdity of such competition consists in the fact that, despite our prejudices against England, she is in reality our best and most useful friend among the big powers.

We like to think that the future of civilization is in the hands of the two great Anglo-Saxon powers, that they are able to be the leaders and carry the torch. It is probably true that our visions of world peace depend for fulfillment more on cooperation with Great Britain than with any other factor.

If the allies are successful in the present war, it is conceivable that Great Britain and the United States, and say France, by pooling their influence and agreeing to use their armament in the interest of peace and might swing the other powers into line and inaugurate the long-desired federation of nations. The moderate navy plans already proposed would fit into such a purpose. But to plunge into a frenzied scheme to out-navy the world would be to foil the world's best hopes.

As to seizing mails, Britain says Germany has done it too. George isn't any worse than Willie. Anybody who has raised a flock of children has heard that sort of a defense.

Dad that Villa man! He must have seven league boots. Maybe it would be a good idea to kind of lay for him down around the Panama canal.

Seattle council opens business by unfurling the stars and stripes. A pretty custom for legislative bodies but it would scare part of congress into fits.

THE MELTING POT

Filled Today by Stuart H. Carroll

WAITIN' FOR THE TRAIN.

Oh, I've waited on the corner when I had a little date, And I never kicked when it was missed a sight, Oh, I've lingered up with infirm friends until the hour was late And the owl cars were a hootin' through the night.

But that waiting was all bush-league stuff, and never caused the pain Like this waiting o'er in Elkhart for the early morning train.

When it's 4 a. m. in Elkhart, All the town has closed its eye, For the night-time's not the bright time, As it is in sunny Chi.

Oh, I've waited out at Springbrook just to see a baseball game, While the sun shines blisters on my neck and ears.

Oh, I've lingered in the parlor for a vain but pretty dame, While the taxi bill was sadly in arrears.

But even that was no so bad, since it was not in vain, Like this waiting o'er in Elkhart for the early morning train.

When it's 4 a. m. in Elkhart, Oh, the town's a desert isle, For the day-time there is play-time, As it is in New Carlisle.

Oh, we're waitin' in the depot for the train long due, While the station master slumbers on serene.

We are list'nin' to the music of the telegraph tattoo, So we'll be glad, yea, very glad, to get back home again.

After waiting here in Elkhart for the early morning train, CHORUS

When it's 4 a. m. in Elkhart, We can't buy a coca-cola, For the moon-time's not saloon time As they say in Osceola.

Famous Farewell Addresses, No. 1. "Well, so long. See you in church."

News headline—"Detroit Beats Sox With Aid of Jinx." And in the box score we find that Mr. Coveleski, the Detroit slabman, is credited with four hits, that he allowed the Sox but three safeties, and struck out half a dozen men.

From which J. P. F. is led to infer that "Jinx" means Coveleski in either "wop" or algebra.

FOGGY'S FOCUS. At Steve Brodie's abode there was Nobody Home, Fred Merkle, we know, pulled a "crook."

Harry Thaw, as was proved, has an ebony dome, Ping Bodie's few brains are in lock.

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But they seem to be strong for the dip, Who will spend weeks and weeks in just trying to coax A few dozen hairs on his lip.

ROSELAWN PHILOSOPHY. (By D. L. D.) Jest becu' a man sees only had in others is no sine he's a pessimist. He may be cross-eyed.

Jest becu' a man never gambles is no sine he's strait. He may be a hunchback.

Jest becu' a girl is a wall flower is no sine she will be an old maid. Lots of men like the clinging vine type.

Jest becu' a young feller sows his wild oats is no sine he won't rise in the world. He may run a grain elevator.

Jest becu' a man rides in a Ford is no sine he's an invalid. He may not have a sixx cylinder about him.

THE TOMCAT'S SOLILOQUY. When mortals all Have closed their eyes in sleep, I'll seek a fence quite tall, Then in the bedroom peep And croon my lullaby of hate, Forthwith my malice mate

Hearing my mournful yell In duty bound will feed To swiftly come and swell

The chorus Hymeneal. And other felines, Hearing love's sweet song Above the rustle of the places And elm—will, ere long, Each add its joyous mite, Until it seems the night

Is like unto a symphony Of high soprano and of basso deep, And naught is lacking but in harmony, When mortals sleep.

LOCAL COLOR, PERHAPS. In the Marion, Ind., Leader-Tribune there is a column labeled "Local News." Would that William Randolph's papers were so frank.

A MEDLEY. When Love Grows Cold, Your many charms, dear heart, I more and more adore; We'll never drift apart, Unless, perchance, you snore.

—Youngstown Telegram. I'll stick to you like glue, Through every day and year; I'll freeze to you till you Start to eat onions, dear.

—Houston Post. I'll be your own, true love, I'll stick to you all right, Until you learn bridge whist, And then, dear heart, good night.

—Jackson Patriot. Your charming way, dear heart, Through all my lifetime glows, We'll never drift apart, Till you sell my old clothes.

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The Public Pulse

Communications for this column may be signed anonymously but must be accompanied by the name of the writer to insure good faith. No responsibility for facts or sentiments expressed will be assumed. Honest discussion of public questions is invited, but with the right reserved to eliminate vicious and objectionable matter. The column is free. But, be reasonable.

Editor News-Times:—

Your paper has spoiled my Sunday afternoon.

My shoes are covered with mud. My legs are bruised and scratched from pushing through entanglements of old wire. I have scrambled up ancient mounds of ashes, capped with fresh stinking garbage, and looked from them into pits of filth.

My throat is sore from innumerable cigarettes smoked to displace more offensive odors. And my heart is heavy with the pictures of an endless clutter of hopeless, dirty-faced, boldly curious children.

My dreams will not be sweet tonight.

Your paper, with its unlovely pictures, was waiting on the step when I first opened my door this morning. No kindly wind carried it down the street. No pitying neighbor saved me from its insidious paragraphs. It lay on the step waiting to spoil my day, to send me off on my cheerless walk.

For it is the walk I have taken that will not let me sleep.

Usually I take a walk on Sunday afternoon, but such a different sort of a walk. Usually I take my turn at the feminine pastime window-shopping, glorifying it to suit my desires into a magnificently critical search for the perfect air castle. Slowly I stroll through the nice residence districts of the city, and carefully and judiciously choosing the home that most suits my mood, I call it my own. I go towards Sunny-side when I am ambitious, where I can picture myself riding up a long driveway and entering it through a coach door. When the weather is had I stay close to the center of town and pick a substantial warm looking house. If it is spring and I feel the lust for growing things I walk along Riverside drive, or cross into Navarre place, where I plant and grow a wonderful garden in one of the spacious backyards. Sometimes when my imagination is venturing I people the home of my choice with others besides myself. The places I choose are always good places for children.

But today with your pictures and your article on housing conditions haunting my mind I took a different course, and started to follow your courageous writer through the unpleasant districts she described. I went into the hole behind St. Hedwig's school, over to Maggie's court, out to the corner of Division and Arnold sts., then back across the river into Little Italy. Always, with a newly awakened passion for squalor, I sought out the bad places, the homes I didn't want.

The things I saw—all that your writer told of and worse.

Empty beer bottles, dozens of them in one place not even thrown off the porch. An obscene joke scribbled on a wall. A basket of washing carried into a place with a vile backyard—as it hangs there tomorrow will its well-to-do owner know the menace to health that will come with it back to her home? A filthy privy which expressed itself in the pathetically tiny white crepe hung on the door of the house in front.

I did not see any houses to choose for my own today. I can only remember a horrible string of dirty backyards, enclosed with old broken down fences, and filled with an indescribable hodge-podge of discarded household furniture, stable filth and decaying garbage. There were no good places for children in the alleys I saw today.

Now I am thinking of the clean, comfortable homes I saw last Sunday and the Sunday before. Are they the beautiful face of our city that blinds us all to its gangrened feet?

No, I shall not sleep well tonight, but I thank you for it.